

A

Med. 11.

LETTER

Written by

Mr. J. DOLBIN

TO

Dr. HENRY SACHEVERELL,

And left by him with a Friend
at EPSOM, to deliver to
the Doctor.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Baker at the *Black-Boy* in
Pater-Noster-Row, 1710.

Price Two Pence.

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T O

Dr. HENRY SACHEVERELL, &c.

S I R,

I Am now become sensible of the immense Difference there is between pleading at an earthly Bar, tho' before never so august an Assembly, upon the view of Interest and Preferment, and being call'd my self to hold up my Hand as a Criminal, before that great Tribunal, where the supreme Judge sits without a Jury, or Associates; where no Corruption can take Place, no Partiality prevail, nor any Artful Speeches of subtle Lawyers be so much as heard; where there cannot be the least deviating from Justice, any otherwise than as it inclines to

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Mercy

Mercy, and where the Judgment once given is irrevocable, not for a Fine, or Mulct, not for a Temporal Punishment, nor corporal Death, but for an Eternity of Bliss, or Misery, to an immortal Soul. Had my Youth been spent in studying and fulfilling the Laws of this Sovereign Court, as would have become the Son of such a Father, with how much Sedateness, and Serenity might I have now expected the dreadful Hour, which would have been then earnestly wish'd for, had all the Actions of my Life tended to that End for which I was created, and could I have said with St. Paul, *I have fought a good Fight, I have finished my Course, I have kept the Faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of Righteousness, which the righteous Lord shall give me at that Day,* 2 Tim. 4. 7. But so far have I been from this happy Course, as to be now deservedly struck with Horror and Amazement at the Approach of this unavoidable Moment: For, according to the same Apostle, 1 Tim. 6. 4. *I was proud, knowing nothing, but doting upon Questions, and Strifes of Words, whereof cometh Envy, Strife, Railings, evil Surmisings, perverse disputings of Men of corrupt Minds, and destitute of the Truth, supposing that Gain is Godliness.* How Prophetically have I been characteris'd in these Words? My Pride hurried me on to espouse any Party, and to manage any Cause, without the least Regard to Justice, provided it wanted not the Bait of Interest or Preferment. I thought my self deeply knowing, in that I could wrest the Laws to serve my Turn, without regarding whether it tended to oppress the Innocent, or clear the Guilty; and now, I wish it be not too late, am convinc'd I knew nothing, since I wanted that true Knowledge which would have been my Comfort at this Time of Distress. Doting upon Questions and Strifes of Words, was my greatest Qualification

to pick Venome out of the sweetest Flowers, and palliate the most destructive Poison with the Ornaments of Rhetorick and Eloquence. In short, I thought there was no such Godliness as Gain, for making my self my own Idol, all my Worship and Adoration terminated there, and Avarice and Ambition being the darling Passions of this worse than Heathen Deity, I concluded nothing could be evil, or unlawful, which tended to the satisfying of those unsatiable Monsters.

You will wonder, Sir, to observe so great a Change in me; and those who were acquainted with my Life and Character, will cry out, this is not my Style, my Genius lay not this Way, and so far they will be in the Right, that it was not the Language of me living, but is the Sense and Expression of me, if I may be call'd the same, dying. Yet must I not forget my self, and let slip that precious Time, which once gone, can never be recall'd. This short Space Providence has allow'd me, is doubtless a most singular Effect of divine Mercy, that I may not only repent for the Evils I have done, but as far as in me lyes make due Reparation to those I have wrong'd. This Sir, is the Cause of my present Application to you, whom I have persecuted with so much Virulency, that I much doubt whether this late Acknowledgment, can be a sufficient Attonement for so heinous an Offence. It is hard to decide, whether I should accuse my self of Malice in that Action, since there is no Sin or Iniquity without some Attaint of it, and yet this I can safely declare, that I had none against your Person. The Vanity of exerting my Parts, and a most ardent desire of Preferment were the Motives that sway'd me, and those you know are such as move Men to sacrifice their

dearest Friends, or nearest Relations. Nothing seem'd to me unfit for Practice, if so I might gain the Favour of those whom I saw able to answer my Avarice and Ambition: This is so far from being a Vindication, that it rather aggravates my Guilt, and yet how few are those that can resist two such powerful Temptations. *Juvenal* in his 10th Satyr, very well observes how rare it is for Mortals to be virtuous for Virtues sake.

——— *Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
Præmia si tollas?* ———

You will not wonder I should quote a Poet at this Time, if you reflect what excellent Instructions there are in them, were the true use made of their Doctrine; since a few Lines after the same Satyr-ist tells us, it is only Death that shows how inconsiderable we are, when he says,

——— *Mors sola fatetur
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.* ———

And if I may be allow'd once more to cite him, none more plainly shows that Grandeur leads to all Wickedness, either in order to attain, or to support it, in these Words of his 14th Satyr.

Ad Scelus, atque nefas quodcunque est, purpura ducit.

It is needless for us to be beholding to Poets, when Holy Writ affords so many unerring Instructions. Give me leave to repeat a few Words out of *Ecclesiasticus*, tho' it be among the *Apocrypha*, there is a just Veneration paid to those Books, *Chap. 8. v. 2.* tells us, *Gold has destroyed many, and perverted the*
Hearts

Hearts of Kings ; and c. 31. v. 1. 3, 6, 7. Watching for Riches consumeth the Flesh, and the Care thereof driveth away Sleep. He that loveth Gold shall not be justified. Gold hath been the ruin of many, and their destruction was present : It is a stumbling-Block unto them that Sacrifice unto it, and every fool shall be taken therewith. 'Tis true, this is not receiv'd as Canonical, yet what is there in it that we do not find verified to a Tittle either by experience, or the exprefs word of God ? We need but look about, and every Place will furnish us with Instances of Wretches pining away their Flesh, and denying themselves Sleep to heap up Treasure, and when they are gorg'd up to the Throat, yet desire is not satisfied, and they are still as indefatigable as ever in increasing that, they have not the Heart to make use of. How shall the Man be justified that loves Gold, which wholly draws away his Soul from thinking on the End for which it was created ? What more evident Ruin and Destruction, than to see Mortals commit the most enormous of Crimes, and devour one another for Gain, without the least Remorse, or Sense of Humanity ? How do we upbraid the Jews for worshipping the Golden Calf, whilst those who call themselves Christians pay no less divine Honours to that Metal, in all Shapes whatsoever ? And what greater Folly, than to be taken with that which waits the Flesh, breaks the Sleep, brings Ruin and Destruction, and becomes the greatest uneasiness of a Death Bed. Yet in this Folly consists the Happiness of the World, the Rich Man is courted, respected, and worshipp'd, even by those who envy, and hate him. His Ignorance passes for Wisdom, his Meanness is ennobled, his foulest Actions are sanctify'd, and in short he is priviledg'd to commit all Absurdities, or Enormities, without being subject to Censure, or Punishment.

Thus

Thus is his Sense depraved so as he never considers what must be the End of all this Delusion, which he may read in Job chap. 27. v. 19. *The rich Man shall lye down, but he shall not be gather'd; he openeth his Eyes and he is not. Terrors take hold on him as Waters, a Tempest stealeth him away in the Night. The East wind carrieth him away, and he departeth; and as a Storm hurleth him out of his place. For God shall cast upon him, and not spare; but he would fain flee out of his Hand. Men shall clap their Hands at him, and shall hiss him out of his Place.*

All I have here said of others, I, too late find verify'd in my self. This Consideration has drawn me into such serious Reflections I was so much a Stranger to whilst living, and am now perplex'd with dying. You have often, without all doubt, as became your Profession, much better inculcated these Sentiments into your Auditors, and perhaps with as little Effect, as I now leave them in writing; for the Weeds of worldly Cares soon stop the Growth of the good Seed that is sow'd in us. We value an elaborate Discourse above sound Doctrine, because the former pleases our understanding, whereas the latter grates upon our Consciences. Would to God I had been sooner sensible of this Truth, it would have prevented my Offence, and sav'd the Confusion of this Acknowledgment. And yet this is all the Satisfaction I am capable of making, extorted from me by the Terrors of approaching Death; for had my Life and Health been prolong'd, it is much to be fear'd, I might have persisted in the same State of fatal Blindness and Delusion.

I have not the least Shadow of excuse for my bitter Invectives against you, it was never my Talent to extenuate, but to magnify Offences, and to make them where they did not appear. Being thus qualified, I could not but be a proper Instrument of Malice or Revenge, especially where the Bait of Interest and Applause was at Hand to encourage the undertaking. The whole World is but too sensible of the implacable Animosities that have prevail'd among us for many Years. It would be but reasonable to think the unspeakable Mischiefs and Calamities they brought upon us within the Memory of Man, not to look back beyond the Days of King *Charles* the First, might have rectify'd People's Judgments, and settled their Minds, so as to dread any Innovation, and endeavour to unite in true Christian Principles of Charity, and bearing with one another; and yet how far are we from this so much to be wish'd for Happiness? Religion which ought to link us together in indissoluble Bands of Friendship, is become the Apple of Discord, and the Bane of Human Society. It is not my Province to decide of Right or Wrong in this Case, but rather to lament the Malice of Mankind, which makes the most destructive Poison, of that which Providence ordain'd for their Comfort and Support. What is all the Cry amidst our Distractions, but Religion, and how little of it appears in our Actions, unless we will give that Name to Bigotry, to Enthusiasm, to Hypocrisy, and even to Libertinism, all which are far more prevalent than Religion itself? We are a new Generation grown up since the Bloody Wars between King and Parliament, yet tho' few survive to remember them, they are
 still

still fewer who have not read, or heard of their destructive Effects. Religion then drove the King from his Court, one Religious Party brought his Head to the Block, and another yet more Religious struck it off. One Godly Kingdom sold, and the other more pious bought, and murder'd him. Twenty Years Slaughter and Desolation, worse than a Plague, was the Product of this glorious Zeal for Reformation. No Remedy could be found for such raging Distempers, but the restoring of the injur'd Son of that King they had inhumanly Slaughter'd. Yet, tho' the Cryes of an undone Multitude brought him home, the hardned Hearts of those who had expell'd him never relented, they remain'd the same in Malice, after his Return, that they had been during his Exile. Nor could they be truly so, had they not taken Care to instil their Pernicious Principles into their Children, and to debauch as many others as they found susceptible of their Poison. Thus the Contagion was spread abroad, and gather'd Strength, when it might have been suppos'd to decline and abate. It were easy enough to trace all the Steps that Party took towards their Advancement from the Restoration to this Day, but that my Time is short, and all Men of Observation cannot but have had an Eye upon them. To come to the Point, that Party has been so industrious as to lose none of its Offspring, but rather to gain many Thousand Profelytes among those that were its Adversaries. Of this Truth I have been one unhappy Instance, not to mention many others; for tho' the Son of such a Father as deserv'd, for his Piety and Learning, to be preferr'd to one of the greatest Dignities in the Church, yet I so far degenerated, as to suffer my self to be corrupted,

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apted, and debauch'd, not through Want, which
 might have been some poor Plea in behalf of Hu-
 man Frailty, but out of a Hellish Pride, the predo-
 minant Passion of Republicans, which cannot bear
 with any Superiors, and has scarce Moderation e-
 nough to tolerate any Equals. Wealth being now
 the only Nobility, and Qualification, to raise the
 most abject Insect from the very Dregs of the Peo-
 ple, and place him among the brightest Stars that
 shine in this lower Firmament, my main Drift was
 at any Rate, to heap together such a mighty Mass
 of it, as might set me upon the Level with those
 whose Heads were highelt lifted up above the un-
 thinking Animals, whom they begger'd and enslav'd
 upon the specious Pretence of rescuing them from
 enury and Servitude. How wretched is the Con-
 dition of Man, whose worldly Happiness is all Ima-
 ginary, as consisting in the vain Notions and Ideas,
 his deprav'd Fancy is capable of conceiving? Thus
 we see the Miser rejoices in his Treasure, which ought
 to furnish him with the Conveniencies of Life, whilst
 he willingly undergoes all the Hardships and Mis-
 eries the most needy are expos'd to, only to rake to-
 gether that admir'd Metal he has not the Heart to
 make use of. The Prodigal Heir lavishes and squan-
 ders away the Riches his kind Ancestor has gather'd
 at the Expence of his Soul, and thinks himself
 bless'd in purchasing Diseases and a wretched Old
 Age. The Ambitious Statesman finds his Satisfac-
 tion in a perpetual Turmoil of Business, which scarce
 allows him Time to Eat or Sleep, and in a Crowd of
 fawning Suppliants and Hangers on, who in private
 bestow more hearty Curses on him than he receives
 humble Cringes from them in Publick. The
 Wretches that starve and are in Rags, expos'd to be
 daily

daily hurried away to Goals, for want of Sense to feel and Eyes to see their own Misery, being perswaded by those whose Pack-horses they are, believe themselves the happiest Monsters in the Universe. In fine, all have their Heaven in their distracted Brains, and none are willing to observe that they purchase to themselves a future Hell at the Price of one in present.

My aspiring Thoughts would not permit me to find any Contentment in that Sphere my Birth had plac'd me; nor was it enough to be in the Senatorian Rank, whilst there was another above me in Dignity, and I was not Chief of that where I sat. Ambition admits of no Bounds, and none plead so much for Equality, as those who are most averse to it. Hence all our Clamours against Princes, all our Remonstrances against Favourites, all our Cry for Liberty, and all our Noise of Property. Sovereignty is intollerable in any other but our selves; that Favour which is not bestow'd on us becomes Criminal; we never think our selves free without the Power of enslaving our Fellow Creatures; nor is that thought real Property which does not set what is our own above the reach of Justice, and enable us to dispose of that we have no Right to. Nothing so false and deceitful as a Republican, he rails at Tyranny in Order to exercise it himself, and talks of nothing more than Religion, that he may utterly subvert and destroy it. This has been practis'd in all Ages, and too often with Success, and tho' the Cheat be still the same, without any fresh Artifice, or Disguise to recommend it, there is an unthinking Race that supports it, for want of Sense, and Reason to distinguish. Monarchy has been already once overthrown, and
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the very Foundation of it dug up by this sort of Men, who fill'd up the Breaches they had made with the slaughter'd Bodies of the Loyal Party, and wash'd away the Blood with the Tears of Widows, and Orphans. What Stone was left unturn'd towards bringing King *Charles* the Second to an End as Violent as the First? Nothing would serve these Assertors of Liberty, but the Extirpation of the whole Royal Family. Witness the *Rye-House* Plot so well concerted to that Hellish End, that nothing but the immediate Hand of Heaven could have disappointed it. The same Spirit is still predominant, a Spirit of Confusion, of Blood, of Rapine, and Destruction. It is easy to guess what Sense of Religion Men of such Principles can entertain. It serves them for a Colour to disguise their most villainous Designs, and sanctify the Enormity of their Crimes, and so far they think fit to make use of it. Upon all other Occasions all their learned Endeavours tend to the Rooting of it up, by contriving that it may be look'd upon as no better than an Invention, and Fraud of the Clergy, set up and maintain'd for their own Interest, and Advancement. They are too subtle to cry down the Deity, and all Divine Worship at once, that would be too shocking, and draw the Indignation of all Mankind upon them; but they have found the Way of battering and pulling down by Piece-meal, that which they cannot at once undermine and blow up. This they began by railing at all Ceremonies, exploding the the Hierarchy, decrying Musick in Churches, and in fine, attacking all those which seem'd to be the exterior Ornaments of the House of God. These were all declar'd Abominations, Remnants of Popery, and *Babylonian* Idolatries, which Notions have so far prevail'd

prevail'd upon Thousands that they had rather kneel to curse a Monarch, than to receive the Sacrament the Laun Sleeves of a Bishop are more hideous to them than the blackest Spectre in the Night; and they are more delighted with a Bag-pipe leading to Slaughter, than an Organ making a Concert to praise God. Having thus defac'd the Ornaments, they next proceed to the Body of the Structures, ridiculing, or exploding the most solid Parts of Christianity, and destroying the very Fundamentals. Thus the Lord's Prayer has been long rejected by many Sectaries, who will not allow of any set Form, tho' prescrib'd by CHRIST himself, and to justify their Madneſs, a learned Divine, who ought to have employ'd his Time better, has taken much Pains to perswade the World, that our Saviour never instituted that Prayer, but that it was before common among the Jews, as if that Divine Master would have taught his Disciples the same they must of Necessity have learnt in their Infancy; or, were it true that the said Prayer had been us'd before, his enjoyning the Continuance of it had not been a sufficient Authority for all Christians to follow. Crying down that divine Prayer had been of little Advantage, had they not proceeded farther; and therefore to come nearer to the Point, others of the same Rank as the former have discredited that which all Professors of Christianity, till within a few Years, ever call'd the Apostles Creed, which they earnestly contend was not compos'd by the said Apostles, that so its Authority failing, the main Articles of Faith may at once be call'd in Question, and consequently Deism, or Atheism ensue. The next Step has been to bring the Clergy into Contempt, as well knowing that a Church without a Clergy in Authority

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must soon be a *Babel*, and then those Structures rais'd for the divine Service may be again, as they were once before in their pious Times, turn'd into Stables. This is the Design of Priestcraft in Perfection, the Rights of the Christian Church, and many more of the same Stamp, which drive at pulling down Episcopacy, and consequently destroying all Ordination, that so as we read was done by *Jeroboam*, 1 Kings 13. 33. *They may not return from their evil Way, but make again of the lowest of the People, Priests of the high Places; that whosoever will may be consecrated by the Sovereign Multitude, and become one of the Priests of the high Places.* These Promoters of such a scandalous Priesthood, perhaps do not believe, what follows in the next Verse, *And this thing became Sin unto the House of Jeroboam, even to cut it off, and to destroy it from off the Face of the Earth.* And it is no Wonder they should not believe it, since they have been as industrious in cancelling the whole Scripture at once, the admir'd Authors of the several Theories of the Earth exploding all *Moses* his Account of the Creation, others adapting all the *Jewish Law* to the *Egyptian Idolatry*, and others contriving to lose all the Old Testament at the Captivity of *Babylon*, and the New under that of *Rome*. No wonder then that beneficed Clergymen declare Baptism to be no more than a needless Ceremony; that Polygamy is authoriz'd by marrying those over again who are publickly known to have other Wives living; that there is more Impunity for breaking all the Divine Commandments, than for the least Transgression against the meanest Upstart in Authority, and in fine, that there is now nothing sacred with some Men, who esteem nothing such but their Gold and Grandeur.

This

This is the wretched State of a Party that seduc'd and corrupted me. I have not time to lay them open as I could, for a Warning to others, that they may not split upon the same Rock; yet this may suffice for all sincere well meaning Persons, if there be any left that value the future welfare of their Soul, above the vain Advantages of this transitory Life. I desire this may be made publick, that my Repentance may be as notorious as my Offence has been. I am tho' late with all possible Respect,

S I R,

Yours, &c.

F I N I S